Nurse. Now God in heauen blesse thee, harke you sir?

Ro. What saist thou my deare Nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret, did you nere here say, two may keepe counsell putting one away.

Ro. Warrant thee my mans as true as steele.

Nur. Well sir, my Mistrisse is the sweetest Lady, Lord, Lord, when twas a little prating thing. O there is a Noble man in towne one *Paris*, that would faine lay knife aboord: but she good soule had as leeue see a tode, a very tode as see him: I anger her sometimes, and tell her that *Paris* is the properer man, but Ile warant you, when I say so, shee lookes as pale as any clout in the versall world, doth not Rosemarie and *Romeo* begin both with a letter?

Ro. I Nurse, what of that? Both with an *R.*

Nur. A mocker thats the dogsname. *R.* is for the no, I know it begins with some other letter, and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and Rosemary, that it would do you good to heare it.

Rom. Commend me to thy Lady.

Nur. Ia thousand times. *Peter?*

Pet. Anon.

Nur. Before and apace.

Exit

Enter Iuliet.

Iu. The clocke strooke nine when I did send the Nurse,
In halfe an houre she promised to returne,
Perchance she cannot meete him, thats not so:
Oh she is lame, loues heraulds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glides then the Sunnes beames,
Driuing back shadowes ouer lowring hills.
Therefore do nimble pinioned doues draw loue,
And therefore hath the wind-swift *Cupid* wings:
Now is the Sun vpon the highmost hill
Of this daies iourney, and from nine till twelue,
Is three long houres, yet she is not come,
Had she affections and warme youthfull bloud,

Shee

She would be as swift in
My words would bandy
M. And his to me, bu
Vnwieldie, slow, heauy,
E
O God she comes, O ho
Hast thou met with him
Nur. *Peter* stay at the g
Iu. Now good sweet N
Though newes, be sad, y
If good thou shamest the
By playing it to me, with
Nur. I am a weary, gi
Fie how my bones ake, w
Iu. I would thou had
Nay come I pray thee spe
Nur. Iesu what hast, c
Do you not see that I am
Iu. How art thou out
To say to me, that thou a
The excuse that thou do
Is longer then the tale tho
Is thy newes good or bad
Say either and Ile stay the
Let me be satisfied, if goo
Nur. Wel, you haue m
how to chuse a man: *Romeo*
ter then any mans, yet his
and a foote and a body, th
they are past compare: he i
warrant him as gentle as a
God. What haue you dind
Iu. No no, But al this
What saies he of our marri
Nur. Lord how my head
It beates as it would fall in